

A TREASURY OF PROSE & POETRY

SELECTED BY---AMY BARTER

BOOK
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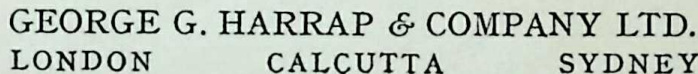
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A Treasury of
Prose and Poetry

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FOREWORD

YOUTH is the time in which to store the memory with treasures which shall serve for delight and refreshment in later years. In youth the tablets of the memory are of soft wax, and all that is written thereon goes deep. Time passes, the soft wax hardens and becomes like marble; so the letters written upon it are perishable only with the destruction of the substance. But now, if we desire to write on the tablets of the memory, we must cut with toil and pains into the marble, for that which went so deep in the wax merely grazes the surface, and the faint scratches made are soon effaced by the rub and the wear of everyday life.

Every noble passage we learn in our youth becomes a permanent possession adding to our riches throughout our lives. The more good books we read, the more of these noble passages we shall find. In youth we often fail to realize the importance of reading the great works which contain these treasures, and boys and girls are often content to store their minds with material which, though good in itself, is not worthy of its place as part of their mental equipment as long as their lives shall last. It is to help them in this matter that this little book has been compiled. In it are gathered together gems which the young student has perhaps not been able to dig out for himself. Two advantages are

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offered to him if he will take possession of them. Firstly, he will gain a permanent addition to the treasures ranged in the storehouse of his memory. Secondly, he will have within his reach talismans which will give him ready entrance to those "realms of gold" where countless treasures of the same kind are to be gathered; for they will bring him into touch with the great writers, so that he will feel toward them the attraction of early and loving familiarity, which goes far to establish both appreciation and understanding.

The editors and publishers acknowledge, with best thanks, the kindness of the following for granting permission to include copyright pieces: Mr Kenneth Grahame for "The Roman Road" and "Strumming," from *The Golden Age*; Sir Henry Newbolt for "Admirals All," taken from his *Collected Poems* (1897-1907), published by T. Nelson and Sons; Mr Alfred Noyes for "Empire Day"; Mr T. Fisher Unwin for "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," by W. B. Yeats; Messrs Chatto and Windus for "Good Work," from *Æs Triplex*, by R. L. Stevenson.

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Morning

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
 The mountain-shadows on her breast
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;
 In bright uncertainty they lie,
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
 The water-lily to the light
 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn ;
 The grey mist left the mountain-side,
 The torrent show'd its glistening pride ;
 Invisible in fleckèd sky,
 The lark sent down her revelry ;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
 In answer coo'd the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*

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The Lark

AS first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

IZAACK WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*

The Nightingale

BUT the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what musick hast Thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such musick on earth."

IZAACK WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*

What a Beautiful Word is Spring

WHAT a beautiful word is Spring. *S* has the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and

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picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new.

LEIGH HUNT

The Mourning of the Flowers

YE valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

JOHN MILTON, *Lycidas*

Summer

JULY

NATURE seems to make a hot pause just then—
all the loveliest flowers are gone; the sweet
time of early growth and vague hopes is past ; and
yet the time of harvest and ingathering is not come,

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and we tremble at the possible storms that may ruin the precious fruit in the moment of its ripeness. The woods are all one dark monotonous green ; the wagon-loads of hay no longer creep along the lanes, scattering their sweet-smelling fragments on the blackberry branches ; the pastures are often a little tanned, yet the corn has not got its last splendour of red and gold ; the lambs and calves have lost all traces of their innocent, frisky prettiness, and have become stupid young sheep and cows.

AUGUST

Grand masses of cloud were hurried across the blue, and the great round hills behind the Chase seemed alive with their flying shadows ; the sun was hidden for a moment, and then shone out warm again like a recovered joy ; the leaves, still green, were tossed off the hedgerow trees by the wind ; around the farmhouses there was a sound of clapping doors ; the apples fell in the orchards ; and the stray horses on the green sides of the lanes and on the common had their manes blown about their faces. And yet the wind seemed only part of the general gladness because the sun was shining. A merry day for the children, who ran and shouted to see if they could top the wind with their voices ; and the grown-up people, too, were in good spirits, inclined to believe in yet finer days, when the wind had fallen. If only the corn were not ripe enough to be blown out of the husk and scattered as untimely seed !

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY*A Summer's Eve*

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky ;
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired
To see whose head the orient pearls
Most curiously tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will ;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

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To Autumn

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run ;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined
 flowers ;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are
 they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,

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While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS

The Sounds of Nature

NOW I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets. All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, at least in this country. I should not, perhaps, find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing ; but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me without one exception. I should not, indeed, think of keeping a goose in a

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cage, that I might hang her in the parlour for the sake of her melody ; but a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer.

WILLIAM COWPER

Ode to the North-east Wind

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr ;

Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter !

O'er the German foam ;

O'er the Danish moorlands,

From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,

Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,

Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,

Through the lazy day :

Jovial wind of winter

Turn us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;

Crisp the lazy dyke ;

Hunger into madness

Every plunging pike.

Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;

Fill the marsh with snipe ;

While on dreary moorlands

Lonely curlew pipe.

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Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow,
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,

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Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY

My Home

THE first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty, with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighbourhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I cannot distinguish from actual

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remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's forefinger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.

There comes out of the cloud, our house—not new to me, but quite familiar in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a backyard, with a pigeon-house on a pole in the centre, without any pigeons in it; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night, as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front door. A dark storeroom opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly burning light, letting a mouldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlours: the

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parlour in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our companion when her work is done and we are alone—and the best parlour, where we sit on a Sunday ; grandly, but not so comfortably.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks' nests still dangling in the elm trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock ; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved.

CHARLES DICKENS, *David Copperfield*

Winter

THANK heaven for winter ! Would that it lasted all the year long ! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers, softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder storms. Nor let me libel autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her

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beautiful decays. But winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom ! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music ; thine the long snow-silent, or hail-rattling nights, with earthly fireside, and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul !

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*

A Snow Scene

THROUGH the hushed air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around

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The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And peeks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

JAMES THOMSON, *Winter*

Christmas

THERE is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we “live

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abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn ; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratification to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated ; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart ; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms ; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *Old Christmas*

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The Passing of Arthur

BUT my time hieth fast," said King Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it unto yonder water-side; and when thou comest there, I charge thee, throw my sword into that water, and come again and tell me what thou shalt see there." "My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be done, and lightly bring you word again." And so Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, where the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones. And then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soon as he might, he came again unto King Arthur, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. "What sawest thou there?" said the King. "Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but waves and wind." "That is untruly said of thee," said King Arthur, "therefore go thou lightly and do my command, as thou art to me life and dear, spare not but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up and went to the water's side, and there he bound the girdle about the belts. And then he threw the sword into the water as far as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so

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shook it thrice and brandished. And then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the King, and told him what he had seen. "Alas!" said the King, "help me from hence; for I dread me I have tarried over long." Then Sir Bedivere took King Arthur upon his back, and so went with him to the water's side; and, when they were at the water's side, even fast by the bank hovered a little barge, with many fair ladies in it: and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods; and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the King. And so he did softly, and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so these three queens sat them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said, "Ah! dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas! this wound on your head hath taken overmuch cold." And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah! my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said King Arthur, "and do as well as thou mayest; for in me is no trust for to trust in: for I will into the vale of Avallon, for to heal me of my grievous wound; and, if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul."

SIR THOMAS MALORY, *Morte Darthur*

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

The Passing of Arthur

THEN loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
 prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
 voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON

The Man of Life Upright

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent,

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage. ✓

THOMAS CAMPION

Kingship

THE finding of your *Ableman* and getting him invested with the symbols of *ability*, with dignity, worship (*worth-ship*), royalty, kingdom, or whatever we call it, so that *he* may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it,—is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social pro-

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

cedure whatsoever in this world ! Hustling-speeches, Parliamentary motions, Reform Bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this ; or else nothing. Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there ; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him : you have a perfect government for that country ; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state ; an ideal country. The Ablest Man ; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man : what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn ;—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right royal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do ! Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated ; that were the ideal of constitutions.

THOMAS CARLYLE, *Heroes and Hero-worship*

Great Men

THEN, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited race,
 Ye, like angels, appear,
 Radiant with ardour divine !
 Beacons of hope, ye appear !
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,
 Weariness not on your brow,

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Ye alight in our van ! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, re-inspire the brave !
 Order, courage, return.
 Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
 Follow your steps as ye go.
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files.
 Strengthen the wavering line,
 Stablish, continue our march,
 On, to the bound of the waste,
 On, to the City of God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Rugby Chapel*

A Statesman

WHO, in his mightiest hour
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself ;
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain
 Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
 O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
 The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
 Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
 And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the
 freeman's laws.
 Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of
 power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne ;
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion*

Work

WHEN men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower ;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body.

JOHN RUSKIN

Ariel's Song

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Captivity

(The author is thinking to himself that even the Bastile is not so fearful a prison as it seems.)

'TIS true," said I, "the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—But strip it of its towers—fill up the *fossé*—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a dis-temper—and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling. I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling—"God help thee!" said I,—"but I'll let thee out, cost what it will"; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. —“ I fear, poor creature ! ” said I, “ I cannot set thee at liberty.” —“ No,” said the starling, “ I can’t get out—I can’t get out.”

LAURENCE STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*

Unanswered Prayers

WE, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers

Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*

By the Rivers of Babylon

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Psalms cxxxvii

The Roman Road

ALL the roads of our neighbourhood were cheerful and friendly, having each of them pleasant qualities of their own ; but this one seemed different from the others in its masterful suggestion of a serious purpose, speeding you along with a strange uplifting of the heart. The others tempted chiefly with their treasures of hedge and ditch ; the rapt surprise of the first lords-and-ladies, the rustle of a field-mouse, splash of a frog ; while cool noses of brother-beasts were pushed at you through gate or gap. A loiterer you had need to be, did you choose one of them ; so many were the tiny hands thrust out to detain you, from this side and that. But this other was of a sterner sort, and even in its shedding off of bank and hedgerow as it marched straight and full for the open downs, it seemed to declare its contempt for adventitious trappings to catch the shallow-pated. When the sense of injustice or disappointment was heavy on me, and things were very black within, as on this particular day, the road of character was my choice for that solitary ramble when I turned my back for an afternoon on a world that had unaccountably declared itself against me.

KENNETH GRAHAME, *The Golden Age*

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

A Country Scene

BUT, master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side. . . . For I could there sit quietly ; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours ; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves ; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May ; these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent.

IZAACK WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*

Springtime in Switzerland

GO out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free ; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds

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sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*

His Golden Locks

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turned ;
 O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are age his alms :
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
 " Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong ! "
 Goddess, allow this agèd man his right,
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

The Death of Colonel Newcome

THE days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy and the child was brought to him, and sate by the bed with a very awe-stricken face ; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it ; he would like to see the game ; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand ; and away he ran, to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy ! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child was gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder ; he gave the word of command ; spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while ; then again he would sigh, and be still. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs ; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face,

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and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

W. M. THACKERAY, *The Newcomes*

Be Strong, and Fear Not

YET do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

Thy nature which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey.

J. G. WHITTIER, *The Voices*

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Good Work

ALL who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work although they may die before they have time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world and bettered the tradition of mankind.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Æs Triplex*

High Aims

THAT low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it ;
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit ;
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.

R. BROWNING, *A Grammarian's Funeral*

Brutus

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all.
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar :
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle : and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world " This was a man ! "

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

On his Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His
 state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON

The Village Preacher

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden
 smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away—
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
 won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;
 But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

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The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed :
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given—
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*

Small Things

BEHOLD, we put bits in the horses' mouths
that they may obey us ; and we turn about
their whole body.

Behold also the ships, which though they be so
great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth.

Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

James iii, 3-5

The Poet

BUT who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown ?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noontday grove ;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he had viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
A Poet's Epitaph

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The Glories of our Blood and State

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon Death's purple altar now,
 See, where the victor-victim bleeds :
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

The Return of the Whaler

IT was a pretty scene, though it was too familiar to the eyes of all who then saw it for them to notice its beauty. The sun was low enough in the west to turn the mist that filled the distant valley of the river into golden haze. Above, on either bank of the Dee, there lay the moorland heights swelling one behind the other; the nearer, russet brown with the tints of the fading bracken; the more distant, grey and dim against the rich autumnal sky. The red and fluted tiles of the gabled houses rose in crowded irregularity on one side of the river, while the newer suburb was built in more orderly and less picturesque fashion on the opposite cliff. The river itself was swelling and chafing with the incoming tide till its vexed waters rushed over the very feet of the watching crowd on the staithes, as the great sea waves encroached more and more every minute. The quay side was unsavourily ornamented with glittering fish-scales, for the hauls of fish were cleansed in the open air, and no sanitary arrangements existed for sweeping away any of the relics of this operation.

The fresh salt breeze was bringing up the lashing, leaping tide from the blue sea beyond the bar. Behind the returning girls there rocked the white-sailed ship, as if she were all alive with eagerness for her anchors to be heaved.

How impatient her crew of beating hearts were for that moment, how those on land sickened at

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the suspense, may be imagined, when you remember that for six long summer months those sailors had been as if dead from all news of those they loved ; shut up in terrible, dreary Arctic seas from the hungry sight of sweethearts and friends, wives and mothers. No one knew what might have happened. The crowd on shore grew silent and solemn before the dread of the possible news of death that might toll in upon their hearts with this uprushing tide. The whalers went out into the Greenland seas full of strong, hopeful men ; but the whalers never returned as they sailed forth. On land there are deaths among two or three hundred men to be mourned over in every half-year's space of time. Whose bones had been left to blacken on the grey and terrible icebergs ? Who lay until the sea should give up its dead ? Who were those who should come back to Monkshaven never, no, never more ?

Many a heart swelled with passionate, unspoken fear, as the first whaler lay off the bar on her return voyage.

MRS GASKELL, *Sylvia's Lovers*

The Vision of the Prophet

WORN and footsore was the Prophet,
 When he gained the holy hill ;
 " God has left the earth," he murmured,
 " Here His presence lingers still.

" God of all the olden prophets,
 Wilt Thou speak with men no more ?

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Have I not as truly served Thee
As Thy chosen ones of yore ?

“ Hear me, Guider of my fathers,
Lo ! a humble heart is mine ;
By Thy mercy I beseech Thee
Grant Thy servant but a sign ! ”

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer ;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air ;

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

“ God ! I thank Thee,” said the prophet ;
“ Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

“ Still Thou speakest with Thy children
Freely as in eld sublime ;
Humbleness, and love, and patience,
Still give empire over time.

“ Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou Thyself wouldst then have sought
me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

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“ But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway ;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

“ Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The belovèd of my heart ;

“ In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me.”

J. R. LOWELL

Anger

AND in thy passions, take it presently to thy consideration, that to be angry is not the part of a man, but that to be meek and gentle, as it savours of more humanity, so of more manhood. That in this, there is strength and nerves, or vigour and fortitude ; whereof anger and indignation is altogether void. For the nearer everything is unto dispassionateness, the nearer it is unto power. And as grief doth proceed from weakness, so doth anger. For both, both he that is angry and that grieveth, have received a wound, and cowardly have, as it were, yielded themselves unto their affections.

MARCUS AURELIUS

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Marcus Aurelius

(*His Statue at Rome*)

IT is the most majestic representation of the kingly character that ever the world has seen. A sight of the old heathen Emperor is enough to create an evanescent sentiment of loyalty even in a democratic bosom, so august does he look, so fit to rule, so worthy of man's profoundest homage and obedience, so inevitably attractive of his love. He stretches forth his hand with an air of grand beneficence and unlimited authority, as if uttering a decree from which no appeal was permissible, but in which the obedient subject would find his highest interests consulted ; a command that was in itself a benediction.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *The Marble Faun*

Mirth

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprov'd pleasures free.

JOHN MILTON, *L'Allegro*

The New Bonnet

SO they went in procession along the bright and slippery corridor, dimly lighted by the semi-lunar top of the window which rose above the closed shutter : it was really quite solemn. Aunt Pullet paused and unlocked a door which opened on something still more solemn than the passage : a darkened room in which the outer light, entering feebly, showed what looked like the corpses of furniture in white shrouds. Everything that was not shrouded stood with its legs upwards. Luey laid hold of Maggie's frock, and Maggie's heart beat rapidly.

Aunt Pullet half-opened the shutter and then unlocked the wardrobe, with a melancholy deliberateness which was quite in keeping with the funereal solemnity of the scene. The delicious scent of rose-leaves that issued from the wardrobe, made the process of taking out sheet after sheet of silver paper quite pleasant to assist at, though the sight of the bonnet at last was an anti-climax to Maggie, who would have preferred something more strikingly preternatural. But few things could have been more impressive to Mrs Tulliver. She looked

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all round it in silence for some moments, and then said emphatically, "Well, sister, I'll never speak against the full crowns again."

It was a great concession, and Mrs Pullet felt it : she felt something was due to it.

"You'd like to see it on, sister ?" she said sadly, "I'll open the shutter a bit further."

"Well, if you don't mind taking off your cap, sister," said Mrs Tulliver.

Mrs Pullet took off her cap, displaying the brown silk scalp with a jutting promontory of curls which was common to the more mature and judicious women of those times, and placing the bonnet on her head, turned slowly round like a draper's lay figure, that Mrs Tulliver might miss no point of view.

"I've sometimes thought there's a loop too much o' ribbon on this left side, sister ; what do you think ?" said Mrs Pullet.

Mrs Tulliver looked earnestly at the point indicated, and turned her head on one side. "Well, I think it's best as it is ; if you meddled with it, sister, you might repent."

"That's true," said Aunt Pullet, taking off the bonnet and looking at it contemplatively.

She began slowly to adjust the trimmings, in preparation for returning it to its place in the wardrobe, and her thoughts seemed to have taken a melancholy turn, for she shook her head.

"Ah," she said at last, "I may never wear it twice, sister ; who knows ?"

"Don't talk o' that, sister," answered Mrs

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Tulliver. "I hope you'll have your health this summer."

"Ah! but there may come a death in the family, as there did soon after I had my green satin bonnet. Cousin Abbott may go, and we can't think o' wearing crape less nor half a year for him."

"That *could* be unlucky," said Mrs Tulliver, entering thoroughly into the possibility of an inopportune decease. "There's never so much pleasure i' wearing a bonnet the second year, especially when the crowns are so chaney—never two summers alike."

"Ah, it's the way i' this world," said Mrs Pullet, returning the bonnet to the wardrobe and locking it up. She maintained a silence characterised by head-shaking, until they had all issued from the solemn chamber and were in her own room again. Then, beginning to cry, she said, "Sister, if you should never see that bonnet again till I'm dead and gone, you'll remember I showed it you this day."

GEORGE ELIOT, *The Mill on the Floss*

The Flight of the Bees

THE next day the bees came out again, and were hived. But something offended them, or else the tree in the woods—perhaps some royal old maple or birch, holding its head high above all others, with snug, spacious, irregular chambers and galleries—had too many attractions; for they were presently discovered filling the air over the garden, and whirling excitedly around. Gradually they

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began to drift over the street ; a moment more, and they had become separated from the other bees, and, drawing together in a more compact mass or cloud, away they went, a humming, flying vortex of bees, the queen in the centre, and the swarm revolving around her as a pivot,—over meadows, across creeks and swamps, straight for the heart of the mountain, about a mile distant,—slow at first, so that the youth who gave chase kept up with them, but increasing their speed till only a fox-hound could have kept them in sight.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Flowers

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
 Whose head is turned by the sun ;
 The Tulip is a courtly queen,
 Whom therefore I will shun ;
 The Cowslip is a country wench,
 The Violet is a nun ;—
 But I will woo the dainty Rose,
 The Queen of every one.

The Pea is but a wanton witch,
 In so much haste to wed
 She claps her rings on every hand ;
 The Wolfsbane I should dread ;
 Nor will I dreary Rosemarye,
 That always mourns the dead ;—
 But I will woo the dainty Rose,
 With her cheeks of tender red.

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The Lily is all in white, like a saint,
 And so is no mate for me—
 And the Daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
 She is of such low degree ;
 Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
 And the Broom's betrothed to the Bee ;—
 But I will plight with the dainty Rose,
 For fairest of all is she !

THOMAS HOOD

Fancy

EVER let the Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home ;
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear faggot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night ;
 Sit thee there and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overaw'd,
 Fancy, high-commission'd : send her !
 She has vassals to attend her :
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
 She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of summer weather ;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth
 With a still mysterious stealth :
 She will mix these pleasures up

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Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
 Distant harvest-carols clear ;
 Rustle of the reaped corn ;
 Sweet birds antheming the morn :
 And, in the same moment—hark !
 'Tis the early April lark,
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold ;
 White plum'd lilies and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearled with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its celled sleep ;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
 Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the beehive casts its swarm ;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the autumn breezes sing.
 Let the winged fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS

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Sunrise

BUT, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

Hark, Hark ! the Lark

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes ;

With everything that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise :

Arise, arise !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*

Unfulfilled Promise

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :

A TREASURY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
 staineth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Breakfast at Dotheboys Hall

THERE was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled, and another file, who had just escaped the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-sorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease, with which they were associated.

“ Now,” said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, “ is that physicking over ? ”

“ Just over,” said Mrs Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. “ Here, you Smike ; take away now. Look sharp ! ”

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs Squeers, having called up a little boy with a curly head and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after

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him into a species of wash-house, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls, Mrs Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!"—and went away to his own.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*

Sir Roger at Church

AS Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; some-

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times when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side : and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

JOSEPH ADDISON, *The Spectator*

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Sunset

THE weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Richard III*

Sunset

THESE hues of gold and azure, that hush of
World's expectation as Day died, were still a
Hebrew Speech for me ; nevertheless I was looking
at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for
their gilding.

THOMAS CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*

Stars

LOOK, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Merchant of Venice

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The Mail Coach

(On the Night of a Great Victory)

ON any night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all the royal magnificence of the horses—were what might first have fixed the attention. . . . But the night before us is a night of victory ; and behold ! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition !—horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. . . . Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the whole spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses ! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards ! What stir—what sea-like ferment !—what a thundering of wheels !—what a trampling of hoofs !—what a sounding of trumpets !—what farewell cheers !—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—“ Liverpool for ever ! ”—with the name of the particular victory—“ Badajoz for ever ! ” or “ Salamanca for ever ! ” The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long, and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gun-powder,

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will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusions.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, *The Mail Coach*

To Night

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
 Out of the misty eastern cave
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought ;
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out :
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee,

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Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 " Wouldst thou me ? "
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 " Shall I nestle near thy side ?
 Wouldst thou me ? "—And I replied
 " No, not thee ! "

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

P. B. SHELLEY

Sleeping Children

BUT they sleep in sheltered rest,
 Like helpless birds in the warm nest,
 On the castle's southern side ;
 When feebly comes the mournful roar
 Of buffeting wind and surging tide
 Through many a room and corridor.
 —Full on their window the moon's ray
 Makes their chamber as bright as day.
 It shines upon the blank white walls,
 And on the snowy pillow falls,
 And on two angel-heads doth play

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Turn'd to each other—the eyes closed,
 The lashes on the cheeks reposed.
 Round each sweet brow the cap close-set
 Hardly lets peep the golden hair ;
 Through the soft-open'd lips the air
 Scarcely moves the coverlet.
 One little wandering arm is thrown
 At random on the counterpane,
 And often the fingers close in haste
 As if their baby-owner chased
 The butterflies again.
 This stir they have, and this alone ;
 But else they are so still !

—Ah, tired madcaps ! you lie still ;
 But were you at the window now,
 To look forth on the fairy sight
 Of your illumined haunts by night,
 To see the park-glades where you play
 Far lovelier than they are by day,
 To see the sparkle on the eaves,
 And upon every giant-bough
 Of those old oaks, whose wet red leaves
 Are jewelled with bright drops of rain—
 How would your voices run again !
 And far beyond the sparkling trees
 Of the castle-park one sees
 The bare heaths spreading, clear as day,
 Moor behind moor, far, far away,
 Into the heart of Brittany.
 And here and there, locked by the land,

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Long inlets of smooth glittering sea,
 And many a stretch of watery sand
 All shining in the white moon-beams—
 But you see fairer in your dreams !

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult*

The House of Morpheus

WHOSE double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory.
 The other all with silver overcast :
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne
 Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lyes
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

EDMUND SPENSER, *The Faerie Queene*

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Annabel Lee

IT was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee ;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—
 I and my Annabel Lee ;
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

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But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
 dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

E. A. POE

Faery Song

SHED no tear ! Oh shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more ! Oh weep no more !
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
 Dry your eyes ! Oh dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies—
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
 'Mong the blossoms white and red,—

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Look up, look up ! I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough.
 See me ! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill,—
 Shed no tear ! Oh shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, adieu !—I fly—adieu !
 I vanish in the heaven's blue,—

Adieu ! Adieu !

JOHN KEATS

The Gladiator

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low :
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
 wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday !—
 All this rushed with his blood.

LORD BYRON

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Rab

THERE, under the single arch of the South Bridge, was a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets; he was old, grey, brindled, as big as a little highland bull, and had the Shakesperian dewlaps shaking as he went. . . . He had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped close; the remaining eye had the power of two; and, above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneity of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

DR JOHN BROWN, *Rab and his Friends*

Saladin's Sword

MARK, then," said Saladin; and, tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had

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hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the sword of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue colour, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armourer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

“It is a juggler’s trick,” said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat,—“there is a gramarye in this.”

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *The Talisman*

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Solitude

BUT little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures ; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

FRANCIS BACON, *Of Friendship*

The Three Fishers

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town ;

For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And trimmed their lamps as the sun went down,
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
 the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and
 brown ;
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,

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And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands,

For those who will never come home to the town ;

For men must work, and women must weep,

And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,

And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Break, Break, Break

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play !

O well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill ;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON

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The Relief of Leyden

THE quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread ; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation ; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn

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was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children.

J. L. MOTLEY, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*

A Garden

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden : and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment of the spirits of man ; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks ; and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.

FRANCIS BACON, *Of Gardens*

Hardy Plants

MANY plants are found alone on a certain soil or subsoil in a wild state, not because such soil is favourable to them, but because they alone are capable of existing on it, and because all dangerous rivals are by its inhospitality removed. Now if we withdraw the plant from this position, which it hardly endures, and supply it with the earth, and maintain about it the temperature, that it delights in ; withdrawing from it, at the same time, all rivals, which, in such conditions, nature would have thrust upon it, we shall indeed obtain a magnificently developed example of the plant, colossal in size, and splendid in organization ; but we shall utterly lose

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in it that moral ideal which is dependent on its right fulfilment of its appointed functions. It was intended and created by the Deity for the covering of those lonely spots where no other plant could live; it has been thereto endowed with courage and strength, and capacities of endurance; its character and glory are not therefore in the gluttonous and idle feeding of its own over luxuriance, at the expense of other creatures utterly destroyed and rooted out for its good alone, but in its right doing of its hard duty, and forward climbing into those spots of forlorn hope where it alone can bear witness to the kindness and presence of the Spirit that cutteth out rivers among the rocks, as He covers the valleys with corn; and there, in its vanward place, and only there, where nothing is withdrawn for it, nor hurt by it, and where nothing can take part of its honour, nor usurp its throne, are its strength and fairness, and price, and goodness in the sight of God to be truly esteemed.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*

Lost on the Moor

THE soft white mist came thicker around me, as the evening fell; and the peat-ricks here and there, and the furze-hucks of the summer-time, were all out of shape in the twist of it. By and by, I began to doubt where I was, or how come there, not having seen a gibbet lately; and then I heard the draught of the wind up a hollow place with

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rocks to it; and for the first time fear broke out (like cold sweat) upon me. And yet I knew what a fool I was, to fear nothing but a sound! But when I stopped to listen, there was no sound, more than a beating noise, and that was all inside me. Therefore I went on again, making company of my whistle, and keeping my gun quite ready.

Now when I came to an unknown place, where a stone was set up endwise, with a faint red cross upon it, and a polish from some conflict, I gathered my courage to stop and think, having sped on the way too hotly. Against that stone I set my gun, trying my spirit to leave it so, but keeping with half a hand for it; and then what to do next was the wonder. As for finding Uncle Ben—that was his own business, or at any rate his executor's; first I had to find myself, and plentifully would thank God to find that self at home again, for the sake of all our family.

The volumes of the mist came rolling at me (like great packs of wool, pillowed up with sleepiness), and between them there was nothing more than waiting for the next one. Then everything went out of sight, and glad was I of the stone behind me, and view of mine own shoes. Anon a distant noise went by me, as of many horses galloping, and in my fright I set my gun, and said, "God send something to shoot at." Yet nothing came, and my gun fell back, without my will to lower it.

R. D. BLACKMORE, *Lorna Doone*

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The Inward Eye

THESE beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey*

The Thames

MY eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys
 strays ;
 Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
 By his old sire to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,

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O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay,
 Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave ;
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does ;
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind ;
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers,
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours,
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, wood in cities plants ;
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, *Cooper's Hill*

Streamlets

THE upper Swiss valleys are sweet with perpetual streamlets, that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down, for the

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sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that, as the wind takes them, with all the grace, but with none of the formalism, of fountains . . . until at last . . . they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that, silently ; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades, and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill.

JOHN RUSKIN

Necessity

ALL places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II**Dr Johnson does Penance*

ONCE, indeed, (said he) I was disobedient ; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault ; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

JAMES BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*

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Learning

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;
 There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts ;
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So, pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky !
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way ;
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes ;
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

ALEXANDER POPE, *Essay on Criticism*

Cupid and my Campaspe

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bows and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows :
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose

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Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;
 With these the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin—
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes.—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

JOHN LYLY

Orpheus

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing ;
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art ;
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII**Strumming*

THOSE who painfully and with bleeding feet
 have scaled the crags of mastery over musical
 instruments have yet their loss in this : that the
 wild joy of strumming has become a vanished sense.

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Their happiness comes from the concord and the relative value of the notes they handle : the pure, absolute quality and nature of each note in itself are only appreciated by the strummer. For some notes have all the sea in them, and some cathedral bells ; others a woodland joyance and a smell of greenery ; in some fauns dance to the merry reed, and even the grave centaurs peep out from their caves. Some bring moonlight, and some the deep crimson of a rose's heart ; some are blue, some red, and others will tell of an army with silken standards and march-music. And throughout all the sequence of suggestion, up above the little white men leap and peep, and strive against the imprisoning wires ; and all the big rosewood box hums as it were full of hiving bees.

KENNETH GRAHAME, *The Golden Age*

To One who has been Long in City Pent

TO one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—and eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

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He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS

Kindness

YEA, it becomes a man
 To cherish memory, where he had delight.
 For kindness is the natural birth of kindness.
 Whose soul records not the great debt of joy,
 Is stamped for ever an ignoble man. ✓

SOPHOCLES, *Ajax*

On Losing One's Hat

THERE are very few moments of a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment, are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is, to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head: smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Pickwick Papers*

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Home

IN all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*

England

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
 isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,

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Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
 England.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II*

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and
 wattles made ;

Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
 honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
 dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
 the cricket sings ;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple
 glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
 shore ;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
 grey,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS

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Patriotism

BREATHES there the man, with soul so
 dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

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And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*

A Nation's Mourning

IT was not from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him ; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all that they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “ old men from the chimney corner,” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought

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he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr ; the most awful that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory : and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England : a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, *The Life of Nelson*

Admirals All

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free !
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !*

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Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight ;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
 Since holidays first began :
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack ;
 He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.
 He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
 When the great Armada came ;
 But he said, " They must wait their turn, good
 souls,"
 And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
 Duncan he had but two :
 But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled
 And his colours aloft he flew.
 " I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
 " And I'll sink with a right good will,
 For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
 My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
 When Nelson sailed the Sound :
 " Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
 Said he, " for a thousand pound ! "

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The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
 But he wickedly wagged his head,
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
 And "I'm hanged if I see it," he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still),
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill.
 But they left us a kingdom none can take,
 The realm of the circling sea,
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Empire Day

THERE was a queen of the seas "ere the world
 was waxen old,"
 Her robes were fairer than rainbows, her crown was
 brighter than gold ;
 The cliffs of her sun-lit island were white as the
 clouds above ;
 The light of her sceptre was Freedom, the base of
 her throne was Love.

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And round about her porches, clustering warm and close,
Children and children's children like olive branches rose,
And they listened the deep-sea music that brought their souls to birth,
And their sails broke out for adventure as the flowers break out of the earth.

They left the land that nursed them, and over the wandering foam,
With the strength that their mother gave them in the old fair days at home,
With the faith that her soul had taught them when they clung around her knees
They builded them cities and nations beyond the sundering seas.

She watched them growing in honour and her soul increased in pride,
And, whenever a foeman threatened, her sword flashed out at their side :
She watched them growing in stature till they needed her now no more,
And her wise men said, " They have left thee !
Now close and bar the door,

" Close it ; for these are thy ' children,' a bitter and thankless name,
A serpent's tooth in the darkness, a jest in the sun's broad shame ;

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Close it ; for they have forgotten, as children will
at the last ;
Come, set your house in order and let the past be
past ! ”

She said, “ I was young and they loved me ; and,
now I am growing old,
I have yet a dream for fulfilment, ere the grey
quite cover the gold ;
I have dreamed of the end of battles and a kingdom
of love to be
When the poor and the weak shall be holpen, if my
children stand by me.

“ I have dreamed of the end of battles and a world
made fair and good,
When the great confederate nations establish their
brotherhood !
Yea, now, if my children desire it, that deep old
dream comes true ;
For, with half the world united, the world may be
made anew.”

She stood on the heights of her island and gazed
across the sea,
Whispering low, *My children, have ye forgotten me,*
Then sudden and proud and silent she stretched
out her gnarled old hands
And a sound like the sound of an ocean rolled up
from the distant lands,

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A sound like the sound of an ocean that yearned
 through time and space,
 An ocean of worshipping faces that surged to her
 glorious face,
 An ocean of rolling thunder that swelled to the full
 and was dumb,
*Mother, England, our Mother, speak, and thy children
 come !*

ALFRED NOYES

Ode written in 1746

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

WILLIAM COLLINS

NOTES

PAGE

13. The extract "The Mourning of the Flowers" is from "Lycidas," an elegiac poem, by Milton, who laments, under the name of Lycidas, his friend.
13. *rathe*, early.
15. *tyred*, dressed.
22. *wimpling*, meandering.
22. *burnies*, little streams.
23. *Cremona*, a name given to the violins made at Cremona during the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries.
32. *A Statesman*. The statesman described by Scott in this passage is William Pitt, who died January 23, 1806.
38. *beadsman*, one who prays on behalf of another. (A.S. *bed*, a prayer.) The term is usually applied to an inmate of an almshouse whose duty it is to pray for the soul of the founder.
39. *I, curre*, Lat. go, run.
51. *Hebe*, the goddess of youth, handmaiden of the gods.
58. *rack*, drifting clouds.
62. *patines*, plates.
67. *farre*, stretched out.
67. *takes keepe*, heeds.
71. *dewlaps*, loose folds of skin hanging from the throat.
82. *Pierian*, of, or pertaining to, the Pierides or Muses.